I’m feelin’ hot to the touch

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I’m feelin’ hot to the touch

by Flightless_Bird

Summary

“ Hannibal let his eyes flit over him, lingering. “I like it on you.”

“Yeah?” The side of Will’s mouth quirked up, hitched a bit by the scar tissue in his cheek.

Hannibal rolled his eyes. “You’ve grown an ego, haven’t you?”

“Prettiest guy at the show thinks I’m cute. That’ll give someone an ego.” Their shoulders touched briefly.”

Or: Will finally changes that damn aftershave.

Notes

Suuuuper self-indulgent fic here, guys, purely just what it says in the summary lol

These two are so romantic lol

Oh yeah, forgot to add: title from West Coast by MISSIO

I hope you enjoy reading, please let me know if you did! :3

Hannibal was doing his best to keep up the appearance of paying attention to the artwork in front of him, but he could sense that he was getting worse at it as the night went on.

It was just—*Will*.

He'd worn a suit for once, the black one with deep blue accents that brought out his eyes, and complimented the darker reds in Hannibal's jacket, his tie. When they'd walked in together, he'd kept his hand on Hannibal's back possessively, and murmured softly to him when they saw a piece he liked.

He thought he'd have a bit of a reprieve when Will had wandered away to look at something more closely; although he only noticed more how Will stood in contrast to the sleekly white walls and gold frames, dark hair and suit making him like a fallen angel back among heaven.

Hannibal was fairly certain he was falling a little more in love.

When Will stepped back up next to him with a quiet touch of their knuckles together as greeting, Hannibal was reminded again of the most striking reason he was so affected tonight: Will had actually switched his aftershave.

It wasn't a particularly significant aspect of himself, but he'd had the same (*aw*ful) aftershave for as long as Hannibal had known him. He'd grown rather endeared to it by now, but still couldn't resist gifting Will something else for a birthday. He'd only half-expected him to try it, as Will was stubborn in that comfortable way one was when they'd gotten used to something.

But he'd worn the new one tonight, and kept standing close enough for Hannibal to inhale him every time. It was a touch of an orange floral, and underneath were all of Will's years of sunlight like warm honey, and Hannibal had been drunk on him since he'd gotten into the car with him.

He glanced sideways at Will again, and since Will's gaze snagged on his, he spoke as though he'd been planning to. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked, hushed in the quiet murmur of the room.

Will shrugged with a shoulder. "'Course. I never used to go to these kind of things." Then he reached up and hooked a finger in his collar. "I'm not used to this yet though."

Hannibal let his eyes flit over him, lingering. "I like it on you."

"Yeah?" The side of Will's mouth quirked up, hitched a bit by the scar tissue in his cheek.

Hannibal rolled his eyes. "You've grown an ego, haven't you?"

"Prettiest guy at the show thinks I'm cute. That'll give someone an ego." Their shoulders touched briefly.

“‘Prettiest?’” Hannibal echoed, the tilt of his head betraying the way he was pleased at the word.

Instead of answering, Will just chuckled. The look he gave Hannibal was warmed with fondness, heating near the end when it skated over the midnight hair and the line of his shoulders. Hannibal felt that look simmer in himself.

They moved on to the next piece, mostly out of obligation on Hannibal’s part. When Will paused though, Hannibal kept going briefly, setting his fingertips at the small of Will’s back and skimming along it as he circled to stand at his other side this time. At the back of Will’s neck, he could breathe him in again, and smell that hint of summertime.

An exhale of laughter touched Will’s smile. “You gotta stop doing that,” he muttered.

“Doing what?” Hannibal asked, blinking innocently.

“You know what.” Will narrowed his eyes. “And are you *smelling* me?”

“Difficult to avoid. Isn’t that what you wanted anyway?”

“What does that mean?”

“You wore it tonight,” Hannibal said simply, regarding Will from under his lashes.

Will bit his lip to stop the smile from turning to a smirk and failed. “I wanted to try something new,” he murmured, tipping his head to run his hand over his hair like it needed fixing.

Hannibal watched the curve of his throat under the lights and the way his jacket shifted over his shoulders when he raised his arm, and he was caught. “So do I.” Before Will could respond, he reached for his hand and coaxed him out of the room, down the hall.

Will only faltered a bit, blinking after him. “What’re you—?”

There was a slim side hallway just a few yards away, clearly meant for employees to reach a closet tucked away at the back. The wall jutted out far enough at one side to leave a space where they couldn’t be seen; Hannibal tugged Will in along with him and leaned back against the wall to pull him in.

Soft laughter touched Will’s voice, awed at Hannibal’s behavior. “What’re you *doing*?”

Hannibal threaded his fingers in Will’s hair at the back of his head and hooked his other hand into the lapel of his suit jacket. “I want to kiss you,” he told him, sinking farther back against the wall in invitation.

The blue of Will’s eyes was varnished with gold from the dim lights, heady on Hannibal as he let himself be tipped down to slot their mouths together. Hannibal leaned up into him, curling his fingers around Will’s hair to make him brace his arms against the wall, caging Hannibal between them. Up close, he smelled even better, sweet and dizzying, and Hannibal shivered.

He brought the hand that had been at Will's chest down to sling his fingers around his belt and tug him in even closer.

"Oh—" A tiny gasp caught somewhere in Will's throat.

Hannibal grinned against him. "You know, as stunning as I find you in this, dearest," he whispered, running his hand up the curve of Will's back under his jacket, "I can't help but think of how you'll look when I pull it off of you."

A low wanting noise tripped out of Will's throat and his voice was wonderfully breathless when he spoke. "What's gotten into you?"

You you you. Hannibal couldn't answer aloud because Will was kissing him again fiercely, hands falling to splay at his hips, much too low to be anything polite. Hannibal wanted to fall into him and choke for air and never come back to the surface. Twisting his hands in the back of Will's shirt, he pulled it from his waistband to get one hand up under. He felt the full-bodied way Will shuddered when he smoothed his palm over the subtle curve of muscle just under his shoulders, and couldn't resist dragging his nails down the last few inches. He was able to muffle the breathy sound Will made into his mouth, and let Will pull him partially off the wall to bring their hips together.

"Take me home," Will murmured raggedly.

Hannibal draped his arms over Will's shoulders, any obligations to complete the show *far* from his mind. "Didn't you want to—?"

Will's hand slipped up between Hannibal and the wall, running his fingers over the dip of his lower back in a mirror of what Hannibal had done earlier, back out at the show. "I want you to show me what you were thinking when you touched me like that," he said, voice low and eyes hazy on Hannibal.

Hannibal could hear the way his own breaths shook. "Anything for you," he promised.

They could always finish a show another time. Hannibal wasn't really all that interested anymore anyway.

He wanted to feel summer in his hands and take it apart until it burned.

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